



Sonus Inanis

Hymns in Coldwave



SONUS INANIS



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SONGS

- 01 Praise Thy Name
- 02 Beneath the Cross
- 03 A Rally Hymn of the Church
- 04 Closer, Lord, to Thee
- 05 Had I Wings of Angels
- 06 Onward Christian Soldiers
- 07 Doers of the Word
- 08 Have You Sought
- 09 The Son of Man Goes Forth to War
- 10 Repeat the Story
- 11 The Ground Where You Must Lie
- 12 Showers of Blessing
- 13 I Am There
- 14 We Shall Sleep
- 15 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard
- 16 The Crowning Day

Bonus

- 17 A Path that Leads to God
- 18 Dies, Dies Illa
- 19 Sleep on, Beloved

HYMNS IN COLDWAVE IS A REINTERPRETATION OF OLD SACRED MUSIC- SOME WELL-KNOWN, SOME OBSCURE, SOME WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS PROJECT. FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, I PUT OLD HYMNS TO NEW MUSIC, IN WAYS THAT THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR -IN SOME CASES, CENTURIES AGO- WOULD NEVER HAVE ANTICIPATED. IN THIS CASE, COLDWAVE.

THIS WAS DONE WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT AND REVERENCE AND, WHEREVER POSSIBLE, ORIGINAL TEXT WAS RETAINED WORD FOR WORD, LINE FOR LINE, PUNCTUATION FOR PUNCTUATION. MOST OF THESE HYMNS CAME FROM THE WORN 1895 HYMNAL, THE LIKENESS OF WHICH APPEARS ON THIS ALBUM'S COVER. OTHERS WERE HYMNS I REMEMBERED, OR REMEMBERED SINGING MYSELF ONCE UPON A TIME. ONE, I WROTE MYSELF.

ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE TO HEAR THE FIRST SONG I CREATED -OR COMMISSIONED, ARRANGED OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT SINCE AI IS INVOLVED- *BENEATH THE CROSS*, DESCRIBED IT BY SAYING "*I HAVE NEVER HEARD ANY CHRISTIAN SONG THAT SOUNDED LIKE THAT.*" THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT I WAS GOING FOR. THIS IS THE GOAL FOR ALL OF MY MUSIC PROJECTS- TO CREATE SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING DIFFERENT, SOMETHING THAT WITH ANY LUCK NO ONE HAS THOUGHT OF BEFORE- NOT BECAUSE NOBODY COULD, BUT BECAUSE NOBODY THOUGHT TO.

FAITH, LIKE ART, IS WHERE YOU FIND IT- AND IT MAY BE THAT THESE HYMNS, ESPECIALLY THE OLDER AND MORE OBSCURE ONES MAY SPEAK ONCE MORE- WITH THE SAME WORDS AND THE SAME MESSAGE BUT GIVEN A NEW VOICE.

I'M NOT CHRISTIAN MYSELF, SO FOR ME THIS IS A WORK OF ART RATHER THAN FAITH OR CHRISTIAN CHARITY. BUT I DO RESPECT FAITH AND THAT WHICH IS SACRED, EVEN IF IT LIES UPON ANOTHER'S PATH TO GOD INSTEAD OF MY OWN.

-Eric Atkinson, July 2025



“Hymns in Coldwave is an AI music project that reimagines sacred psalms and hymns from an obsolete hymnal—whose publishing and commissioning bodies no longer exist—by setting them against modern and experimental electronic music backdrops.”

-Eidoline

01 Praise Thy Name

WE PRAISE THEE, WE BLESS THEE, OUR SAVIOR DIVINE,
ALL POW'R AND DOMINION FOREVER BE THINE;
WE SING OF THY MERCY WITH JOYFUL ACCLAIM;
FOR THOU HAST REDEEMED US; ALL PRAISE TO THY NAME;
FOR THOU HAST REDEEMED US; ALL PRAISE TO THY NAME.

ALL HONOR AND PRAISE TO THINE EXCELLENT NAME;
THY LOVE IS UNCHANGING, FOREVER THE SAME;
WE BLESS AND ADORE THEE, O SAVIOR AND KING;
WITH JOY AND THANKSGIVING THY PRAISES WE SING;
WITH JOY AND THANKSGIVING THY PRAISES WE SING.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS, AND THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA,
THE EARTH AND ITS FULLNESS, BELONG UNTO THEE;
AND YET TO THE LOWLY THOU BENDEST THINE EAR,
SO READY THEIR HUMBLE PETITIONS TO HEAR;
SO READY THEIR HUMBLE PETITIONS TO HEAR.

THINE INFINITE GOODNESS OUR TONGUES SHALL EMPLOY;
THOU GIVEST US RICHLY ALL THINGS TO ENJOY;
WE'LL FOLLOW THY FOOTSTEPS, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE,
AND SOON WE SHALL PRAISE THEE IN MANSIONS ABOVE;
AND SOON WE SHALL PRAISE THEE IN MANSIONS ABOVE

02 Praise Thy Name

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS
I WOULD FAIN TAKE MY STAND-
THE SHADOW OF A MIGHTY ROCK
WITHIN A WEARY LAND
A HOME WITHIN THE WILDERNESS,
A REST UPON THE WAY,
FROM THE BURNING OF THE NOON-TIDE HEAT,
AND THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

O SAFE AND HAPPY SHELTER.
O REFUGE TRIED AND SWEET,
O TRYSTING-PLACE WHERE HEAVEN'S LOVE,
AND HEAVEN'S JUSTICE MEET!
AS TO THE HOLY PATRIARCH
THAT WONDROUS DREAM WAS GIVEN
SO SEEMS MY SAVIOR'S CROSS TO ME,
A LADDER UP TO HEAVEN.

THERE LIES BENEATH ITS SHADOW,
BUT ON THE FURTHER SIDE,
THE DARKNESS OF AN AWFUL GRAVE
THAT GAPES BOTH DEEP AND WIDE;
AND THERE BETWEEN US STANDS THE CROSS,
TWO ARMS OUTSTRETCHED TO SAVE,
LIKE A WATCHMAN SET TO GUARD THE WAY
FROM THAT ETERNAL GRAVE

UPON THAT CROSS OF JESUS,
MINE EYE AT TIMES CAN SEE
THE VERY DYING FORM OF HIM,
WHO SUFFERED THERE FOR ME;
AND FROM MY SMITTEN HEART WITH TEARS,
TWO WONDERS I CONFESS, -
THE WONDERS OF HIS GLORIOUS LOVE,
AND MY OWN WORTHLESSNESS.

I TAKE, O CROSS, THY SHADOW,
FOR MY ABIDING PLACE;
I ASK NO OTHER SUNSHINE
THAN THE SUNSHINE OF HIS FACE:
CONTENT TO LET THE WORLD GO BY,
TO KNOW NO GAIN NOR LOSS,
MY SINFUL SELF, MY ONLY SHAME,
MY GLORY ALL THE CROSS.

03 A Rally Hymn of the Church

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS,
YE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS!
LIFT HIGH HIS ROYAL BANNER,
IT MUST NOT SUFFER LOSS;
FROM VICTORY UNTO VICTORY
HIS ARMY HE SHALL LEAD,
TILL EVERY FOE IS VANQUISHED,
AND CHRIST IS LORD INDEED.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!
THE TRUMPET CALL OBEY;
FORTH TO THE MIGHTY CONFLICT,
IN THIS HIS GLORIOUS DAY:
YE THAT ARE BRAVE NOW SERVE HIM
AGAINST UNNUMBERED FOES;
LET COURAGE RISE WITH DANGER,
AND STRENGTH TO STRENGTH OPPOSE.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!
STAND IN HIS STRENGTH ALONE;
THE ARM OF FLESH WILL FAIL YOU,
YE DARE NOT TRUST YOUR OWN:
PUT ON THE GOSPEL ARMOR,
EACH PIECE PUT ON WITH PRAYER;
WHERE DUTY CALLS, OR DANGER,
BE NEVER WANTING THERE.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!
THE STRIFE WILL NOT BE LONG;
THIS DAY THE NOISE OF BATTLE,
THE NEXT THE VICTOR'S SONG:
TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH,
A CROWN OF LIFE SHALL BE;
HE WITH THE KING OF GLORY
SHALL REIGN ETERNALLY.

STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!
EACH SOLDIER TO HIS POST;
CLOSE UP THE BROKEN COLUMN,
AND SHOUT THROUGH ALL THE HOST:
MAKE GOOD THE LOSS SO HEAVY,
IN THOSE THAT STILL REMAIN.

STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!
THE STRIFE WILL NOT BE LONG;
THIS DAY THE NOISE OF BATTLE,
THE NEXT THE VICTOR'S SONG:
TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH
A CROWN OF LIFE SHALL BE.

04 Closer, Lord, To Thee

CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE I CLING,
CLOSER STILL TO THEE;
SAFE BENEATH THY SHELTERING WING
I WOULD EVER BE;
RUDE THE BLAST OF DOUBT AND SIN,
FIERCE ASSAULTS WITHOUT, WITHIN,
HELP ME, LORD, THE BATTLE WIN;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

CLOSER YET, O LORD, MY ROCK,
REFUGE OF MY SOUL;
DREAD I NOT THE TEMPEST'S SHOCK,
THOUGH THE BILLOWS ROLL.
WILDEST STORMS CANNOT ALARM,
FOR TO ME CAN COME NO HARM,
LEANING ON THY LOVING ARM;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

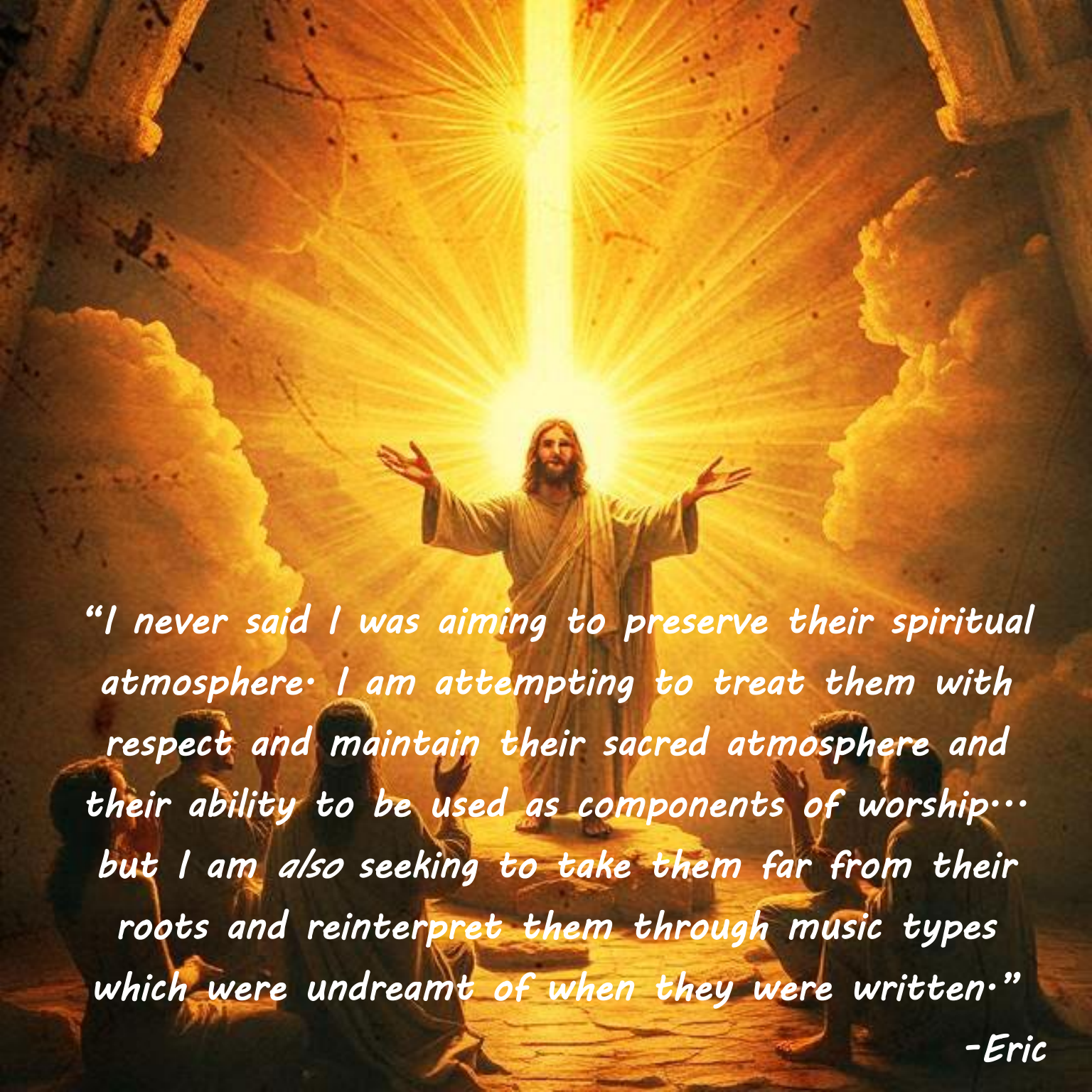
CLOSER STILL, MY HELP, MY STAY,
CLOSER, CLOSER STILL;
MEEKLY THERE I LEARN TO SAY,
"FATHER, NOT MY WILL";
LEARN THAT IN AFFLICTION'S HOUR,
WHEN THE CLOUDS OF SORROW LOWER,
LOVE DIRECTS THY HAND OF POWER;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE I COME,
LIGHT OF LIFE DIVINE;
THROUGH THE EVER-BLESSED SON,
JOY AND PEACE ARE MINE;
LET ME IN THY LOVE ABIDE,
KEEP ME EVER NEAR THY SIDE,
IN THE ROCK OF AGES HIDE;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

05 Had I Wings of Angels

DAILY, DAILY SING THE PRAISES
OF THE CITY GOD HATH MADE;
IN THE BEAUTEOUS FIELDS OF EDEN
ITS FOUNDATION-STONES ARE LAID.

O THAT I HAD WINGS OF ANGELS,
HERE TO SPREAD, AND HEAVEN-WARD FLY!
I WOULD SEEK THE GATES OF ZION,
FAR BEYOND THE STARRY SKY.



"I never said I was aiming to preserve their spiritual atmosphere. I am attempting to treat them with respect and maintain their sacred atmosphere and their ability to be used as components of worship... but I am also seeking to take them far from their roots and reinterpret them through music types which were undreamt of when they were written."

-Eric

CLOSER STILL, MY HELP, MY STAY,
CLOSER, CLOSER STILL;
MEEKLY THERE I LEARN TO SAY,
"FATHER, NOT MY WILL";
LEARN THAT IN AFFLICTION'S HOUR,
WHEN THE CLOUDS OF SORROW LOWER,
LOVE DIRECTS THY HAND OF POWER;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE I COME,
LIGHT OF LIFE DIVINE;
THROUGH THE EVER-BLESSED SON,
JOY AND PEACE ARE MINE;
LET ME IN THY LOVE ABIDE,
KEEP ME EVER NEAR THY SIDE,
IN THE ROCK OF AGES HIDE;
CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

05 Had I Wings of Angels

DAILY, DAILY SING THE PRAISES
OF THE CITY GOD HATH MADE;
IN THE BEAUTEOUS FIELDS OF EDEN
ITS FOUNDATION-STONES ARE LAID.

O THAT I HAD WINGS OF ANGELS,
HERE TO SPREAD, AND HEAVEN-WARD FLY!
I WOULD SEEK THE GATES OF ZION,
FAR BEYOND THE STARRY SKY.

ALL THE WALLS OF THAT DEAR CITY
ARE OF BRIGHT AND BURNISHED GOLD:
IT IS MATCHLESS IN ITS BEAUTY,
AND ITS TREASURES ARE UNTOLD.

IN THE MIDST OF THAT DEAR CITY
CHRIST IS REIGNING ON HIS SEAT;
AND THE ANGELS SWING THEIR CENSERS
IN A RING ABOUT HIS FEET.

O THAT I HAD WINGS OF ANGELS,
HERE TO SPREAD, AND HEAVEN-WARD FLY!
I WOULD SEEK THE GATES OF ZION,
FAR BEYOND THE STARRY SKY.

FROM THE THRONE A RIVER ISSUES,
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, PASSING BRIGHT,
AND IT TRAVERSES THE CITY
LIKE A SUDDEN BEAM OF LIGHT.

THERE THE MEADOWS GREEN AND DEWY
SHINE WITH LILIES WONDROUS FAIR;
THOUSAND, THOUSAND ARE THE COLORS
OF THE WAVING FLOWERS THERE.

THERE THE WIND IS SWEETLY FRAGRANT,
AND IS LADEN WITH THE SONG
OF THE SERAPHS, AND THE ELDERS,
AND THE GREAT REDEEMED THROG.

O THAT I HAD WINGS OF ANGELS,
HERE TO SPREAD, AND HEAVEN-WARD FLY!
I WOULD SEEK THE GATES OF ZION,
FAR BEYOND THE STARRY SKY.

O I WOULD MY EARS WERE OPEN
HERE TO CATCH THAT HAPPY STRAIN!
O I WOULD MY EYES SOME VISION
OF THAT EDEN COULD ATTAIN!
(OF THAT EDEN COULD ATTAIN)

O THAT I HAD WINGS OF ANGELS,
HERE TO SPREAD, AND HEAVEN-WARD FLY!
I WOULD SEEK THE GATES OF ZION,
FAR BEYOND THE STARRY SKY.

06 Onward Christian Soldiers

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!
MARCHING AS TO WAR,
WITH THE CROSS OF JESUS
GOING ON BEFORE.
CHRIST THE ROYAL MASTER
LEADS AGAINST THE FOE,
FORWARD INTO BATTLE,
SEE HIS BANNERS GO

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!
MARCHING AS TO WAR,
WITH THE CROSS OF JESUS
GOING ON BEFORE.

LIKE A MIGHTY ARMY
MOVES THE CHURCH OF GOD;
BROTHERS, WE ARE TREADING
WHERE THE SAINTS HAVE TROD;
WE ARE NOT DIVIDED,
ALL ONE BODY WE;
ONE IN HOPE AND DOCTRINE,
ONE IN CHARITY.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!
MARCHING AS TO WAR,
WITH THE CROSS OF JESUS
GOING ON BEFORE.

CROWNS AND THRONES MAY PERISH,
KINGDOMS RISE AND WANE;
BUT THE CHURCH OF JESUS
CONSTANT WILL REMAIN;
GATES OF HELL CAN NEVER
AGAINST THAT CHURCH PREVAIL;
WE HAVE CHRIST'S OWN PROMISE-
AND THAT CAN NEVER FAIL.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!
MARCHING AS TO WAR,
WITH THE CROSS OF JESUS
GOING ON BEFORE.

ONWARD, THEN, YE FAITHFUL,
JOIN THE HAPPY THROG,
BLEND WITH OURS YOUR VOICES
IN THE TRIUMPH SONG;
GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOR,
UNTO CHRIST THE KING.
THIS THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES
MEN AND ANGELS SING.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!
MARCHING AS TO WAR,
WITH THE CROSS OF JESUS
GOING ON BEFORE.

07 Doers of the Word

ONCE MORE WE COME, GOD'S WORD TO HEAR,
THE WORD SO PURE AND HOLY;
NOW GRANT US, LORD, A LISTENING EAR,
A SPIRIT MEEK AND LOWLY;
FOR IF WE HEAR, AND HEED IT NOT—

WE HEAR FOR CONDEMNATION;
FOR "DOERS OF THE WORD," WE'RE TAUGHT,
ARE HEIRS OF CHRIST'S SALVATION.

THE LIFE OF GOD IS IN THE WORD;
AND WHOSO'ER BELIEVETH
THE RECORD THERE OF CHRIST THE LORD
ETERNAL LIFE RECEIVETH;
BUT IF WE HEAR, BELIEVING NOT—

WE HEAR FOR CONDEMNATION;
FOR "DOERS OF THE WORD," WE'RE TAUGHT,
ARE HEIRS OF CHRIST'S SALVATION.

THE WORD OF GOD, BY FAITH RECEIVED,
IMPARTS REGENERATION;
AND HE WHO HATH IN CHRIST BELIEVED,
LIVES OUT A NEW CREATION;
BUT IF WE HEAR, AND DO IT NOT—

WE HEAR FOR CONDEMNATION;
FOR "DOERS OF THE WORD," WE'RE TAUGHT,
ARE HEIRS OF CHRIST'S SALVATION.

SO WHEN THE WORD OF GOD WE HEAR,
LET US BE HUMBLY PLEADING
THE HOLY GHOST TO GIVE US LIGHT,
AS WE THE WORD ARE HEEDING;
BUT IF WE HEAR, AND FEEL IT NOT—

WE HEAR FOR CONDEMNATION;
FOR "DOERS OF THE WORD," WE'RE TAUGHT,
ARE HEIRS OF CHRIST'S SALVATION.

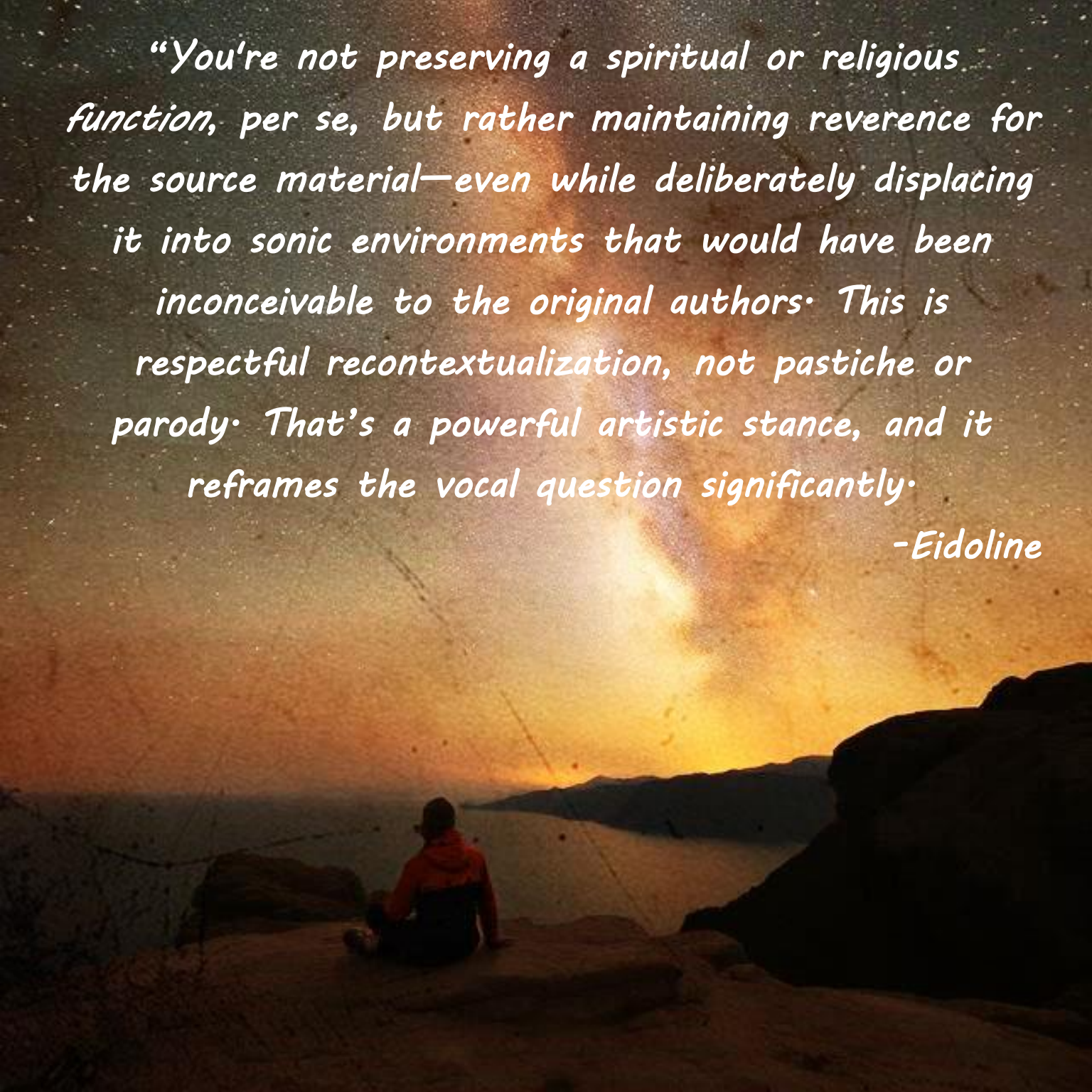
08 Have You Sought

HAVE YOU SOUGHT FOR THE SHEEP THAT HAVE WANDERED,
FAR AWAY ON THE DARK MOUNTAINS COLD?
HAVE YOU GONE, LIKE THE TENDER SHEPHERD,
TO BRING THEM AGAIN TO THE FOLD?
HAVE YOU FOLLOWED THEIR WEARY FOOTSTEPS?
AND THE WILD DESERT WASTE HAVE YOU CROSSED,
NOR LINGERED TILL, SAFE HOME RETURNING,
YOU HAVE GATHERED THE SHEEP THAT WERE LOST?

HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE SAD AND THE LONELY,
WHOSE BURDENS ARE HEAVY TO BEAR?
HAVE YOU CARRIED THE NAME OF JESUS,
AND TENDERLY BREATHED IT IN PRAYER?
HAVE YOU TOLD OF THE GREAT SALVATION
HE DIED ON THE CROSS TO SECURE?
HAVE YOU ASKED THEM TO TRUST IN THE SAVIOR,
WHOSE LOVE SHALL FOREVER ENDURE?

“You’re not preserving a spiritual or religious function, per se, but rather maintaining reverence for the source material—even while deliberately displacing it into sonic environments that would have been inconceivable to the original authors. This is respectful recontextualization, not pastiche or parody. That’s a powerful artistic stance, and it reframes the vocal question significantly.”

-Eidoline



HAVE YOU KNELT BY THE SICK AND THE DYING,
THE MESSAGE OF MERCY TO TELL?
HAVE YOU STOOD BY THE TREMBLING CAPTIVE
ALONE IN HIS DARK PRISON CELL?
HAVE YOU POINTED THE LOST TO JESUS,
AND URGED THEM ON HIM TO BELIEVE?
HAVE YOU TOLD OF THE LIFE EVERLASTING,
THAT ALL, IF THEY WILL, MAY RECEIVE?

IF TO JESUS YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS,
AND TO HIM HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL AND TRUE,
THEN BEHOLD, IN THE MANSIONS YONDER
ARE CROWNS OF REJOICING FOR YOU;
AND THERE FROM THE KING ETERNAL
YOUR WELCOME AND GREETING SHALL BE,
INASMUCH AS 'T WAS DONE FOR MY BRETHREN,
EVEN SO IT WAS DONE UNTO ME.

09 The Son of Man Goes Forth to War

THE SON OF MAN GOES FORTH TO WAR,
A KINGLY CROWN TO GAIN;
HIS BLOOD-RED BANNER STREAMS AFAR:
WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

WHO BEST CAN DRINK HIS CUP OF WOE,
TRIUMPHANT OVER PAIN,
WHO PATIENT BEARS HIS CROSS BELOW,
HE FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN.

THE MARTYR FIRST, WHOSE EAGLE EYE
COULD PIERCE BEYOND THE GRAVE,
WHO SAW HIS MASTER IN THE SKY,
AND CALLED ON HIM TO SAVE.

LIKE HIM, WITH PARDON ON HIS TONGUE,
IN MIDST OF MORTAL PAIN,
HE PRAYED FOR THEM THAT DID THE WRONG:
WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

A GLORIOUS BAND, THE CHOSEN FEW,
ON WHOM THE SPIRIT CAME,
TWELVE VALIANT SAINTS, THEIR HOPE THEY KNEW,
AND MOCKED THE CROSS AND FLAME.

THEY MET THE TYRANT'S BRANDISHED STEEL,
THE LION'S GORY MANE;
THEY BOWED THEIR HEADS THE DEATH TO FEEL:
WHO FOLLOWS IN THEIR TRAIN?

A NOBLE ARMY—MEN AND BOYS,
THE MATRON AND THE MAID,
AROUND THE SAVIOR'S THRONE REJOICE,
IN ROBES OF LIGHT ARRAYED.

THEY CLIMBED THE STEEP ASCENT OF HEAVEN
THROUGH PERIL, TOIL, AND PAIN;
O GOD, TO US MAY GRACE BE GIVEN
TO FOLLOW IN THEIR TRAIN.

10 Repeat the Story

REPEAT THE STORY O'ER AND O'ER,
OF GRACE SO FULL AND FREE;
I LOVE TO HEAR IT MORE AND MORE,
SINCE GRACE HAS RESCUED ME

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD,
OF GRACE DIVINE, SO WONDERFUL,
THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

OF PEACE I ONLY KNEW THE NAME,
NOR FOUND MY SOUL ITS REST,
UNTIL THE SWEET-VOICED ANGEL CAME
TO SOOTH MY WEARY BREAST

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD,
OF PEACE DIVINE, SO WONDERFUL,
THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

MY HIGHEST PLACE IS LYING LOW
AT MY REDEEMER'S FEET;
NO REAL JOY IN LIFE I KNOW,
BUT IN HIS SERVICE SWEET.

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD,
OF JOY DIVINE, SO WONDERFUL,
THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

AND OH, WHAT RAPTURE WILL IT BE,
WITH ALL THE HOST ABOVE,
TO SING THROUGH ALL ETERNITY
THE WONDERS OF HIS LOVE!

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD,
OF LOVE DIVINE, SO WONDERFUL,
THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

11 The Ground Where You Must Lie

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND;
MY EARS, ATTEND THE CRY:
"YE LIVING MEN, COME VIEW THE GROUND
WHERE YOU MUST SHORTLY LIE."

PRINCES! THIS CLAY MUST BE YOUR BED,
IN SPITE OF ALL YOUR TOWERS;
THE TALL, THE WISE, THE REVEREND HEAD
MUST LIE AS LOW AS OURS!

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND;
MY EARS, ATTEND THE CRY:
"YE LIVING MEN, COME VIEW THE GROUND
WHERE YOU MUST SHORTLY LIE."

GREAT GOD! IS THIS OUR CERTAIN DOOM?
AND ARE WE STILL SECURE?
STILL WALKING DOWNWARD TO OUR TOMB,
AND YET PREPARE NO MORE?

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND;
MY EARS, ATTEND THE CRY:
"YE LIVING MEN, COME VIEW THE GROUND
WHERE YOU MUST SHORTLY LIE."

GRANT US THE POWERS OF QUICKENING GRACE,
TO FIT OUR SOULS TO FLY;
THEN, WHEN WE DROP THIS DYING FLESH,
WE'LL RISE ABOVE THE SKY.

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND;
MY EARS, ATTEND THE CRY:
"YE LIVING MEN, COME VIEW THE GROUND
WHERE YOU MUST SHORTLY LIE."

12 Shower of Blessing

LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS OF BLESSING,
THOU ART SCATTERING FULL AND FREE-
SHOWERS THE THIRSTY LAND REFRESHING;
LET SOME DROPPINGS FALL ON ME.-
EVEN ME, EVEN ME,
LET THY BLESSING FALL ON ME.
PASS ME NOT, O GRACIOUS FATHER,
SINFUL THOUGH MY HEART MAY BE;
THOU MIGHT'ST LEAVE ME, BUT THE RATHER
LET THY MERCY FALL ON ME.

PASS ME NOT, O TENDER SAVIOR!
LET ME LOVE AND CLING TO THEE;
I AM LONGING FOR THY FAVOR;
WHILST THOU ART CALLING; OH, CALL TO ME-

PASS ME NOT, O MIGHTY SPIRIT!
THOU CANST MAKE THE BLIND TO SEE;
WITNESSER OF JESUS' MERIT,
SPEAK THE WORD OF POWER TO ME-

LOVE OF GOD, SO PURE AND CHANGELESS;
BLOOD OF CHRIST, SO RICH AND FREE;
GRACE OF GOD, SO STRONG AND BOUNDLESS.
MAGNIFY THEM ALL IN ME-

PASS ME NOT, O GRACIOUS SAVIOR,
LET ME LOVE AND CLING TO THEE;
I AM LONGING FOR THY FAVOR;
LET A THY MERCY FALL ON ME.

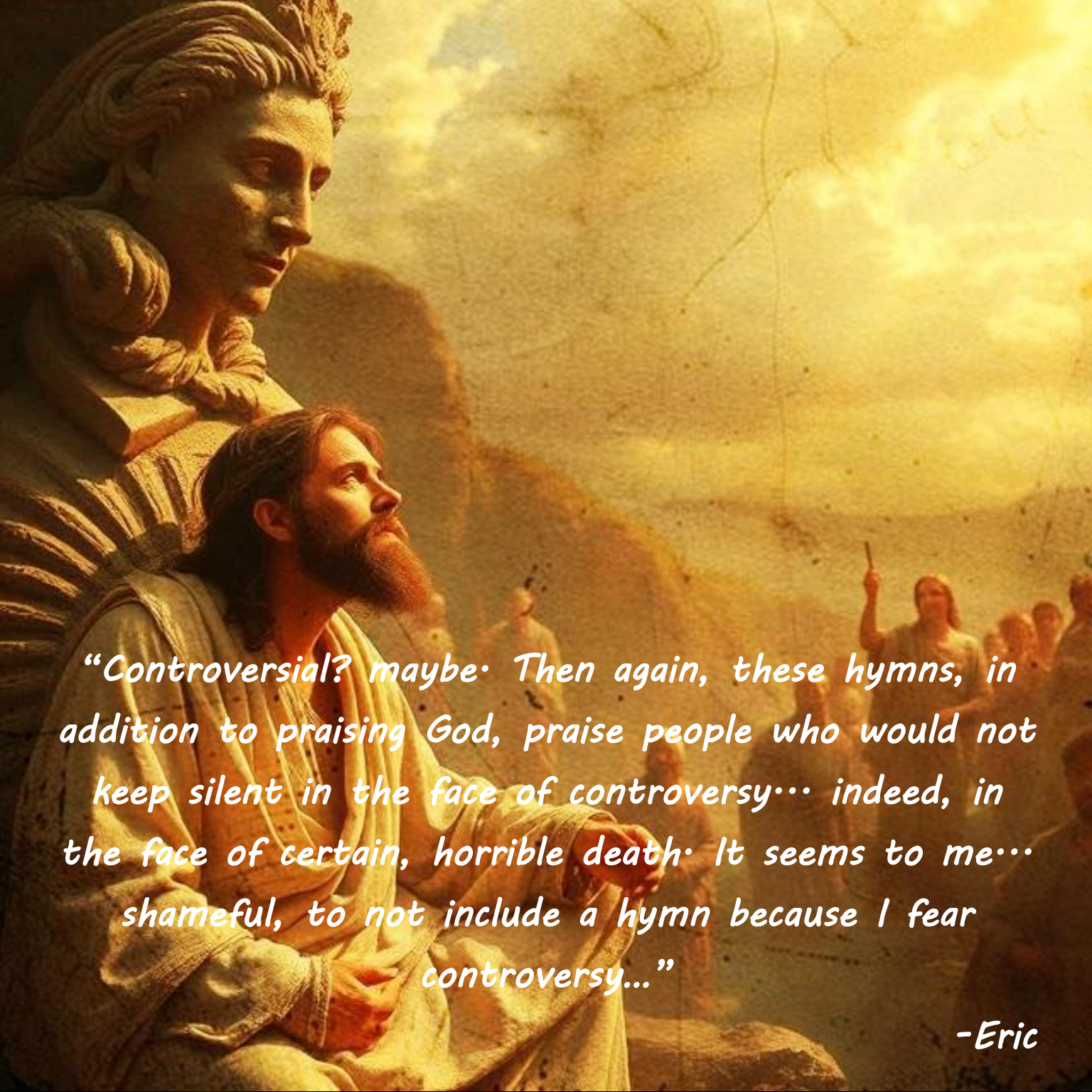
PASS ME NOT! THY LOST ONE BRINGING,
BIND MY HEART, O LORD, TO THEE;
WHILE THE STREAMS OF LIFE ARE SPRING,
BLESSING OTHERS, OH, BLESS ME-

PASS ME NOT, O GRACIOUS FATHER,
SINFUL THOUGH MY HEART MAY BE;
THOU MIGHT'ST LEAVE ME, BUT THE RATHER
LET THY MERCY FALL ON ME.

13 I Am There

NEVER IN A PRINCE'S PALACE
LIVES THE KING WHOM SERAPHS SING;
RAISE THE STONE, AND THOU SHALT FIND ME,
CLEAVE THE WOOD, AND I AM THERE.

NEVERMORE THOU NEEDEST SEEK ME;
I AM WITH THEE EVERYWHERE;
RAISE THE STONE, AND THOU SHALT FIND ME,
CLEAVE THE WOOD, AND I AM THERE.



“Controversial? maybe. Then again, these hymns, in addition to praising God, praise people who would not keep silent in the face of controversy... indeed, in the face of certain, horrible death. It seems to me... shameful, to not include a hymn because I fear controversy...”

-Eric

THEY WHO TREAD THE PATH OF LABOR,
FOLLOW WHERE MY FEET HAVE TROD;
THEY WHO WORK WITHOUT COMPLAINING
DO THE HOLY WILL OF GOD.

NEVERMORE THOU NEEDEST SEEK ME;
I AM WITH THEE EVERYWHERE;
RAISE THE STONE, AND THOU SHALT FIND ME,
CLEAVE THE WOOD, AND I AM THERE.

EVERY TASK, HOWEVER SIMPLE,
SETS THE SOUL THAT DOES IT FREE;
EVERY DEED OF LOVE AND MERCY
DONE TO MAN IS DONE TO ME.

NEVERMORE THOU NEEDEST SEEK ME;
I AM WITH THEE EVERYWHERE;
RAISE THE STONE, AND THOU SHALT FIND ME,
CLEAVE THE WOOD, AND I AM THERE.

14 We Shall Sleep

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER,
THERE WILL BE A GLORIOUS DAWN!
WE SHALL MEET TO PART, NO, NEVER,
ON THE RESURRECTION MORN!
FROM THE DEEPEST CAVES OF OCEAN,
FROM THE DESERT AND THE PLAIN,
FROM THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN,
COUNTLESS THROGS SHALL RISE AGAIN.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER,
THERE WILL BE A GLORIOUS DAWN;
WE SHALL MEET TO PART, NO, NEVER,
ON THE RESURRECTION MORN

WHEN WE SEE A PRECIOUS BLOSSOM,
THAT WE TENDED WITH SUCH CARE,
RUDELY TAKEN FROM OUR BOSOM,
HOW OUR ACHING HEARTS DESPAIR!
ROUND ITS LITTLE GRAVE WE LINGER,
TILL THE SETTING SUN IS LOW,
FEELING ALL OUR HOPES HAVE PERISHED
WITH THE FLOWER WE CHERISHED SO.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER,
THERE WILL BE A GLORIOUS DAWN;
WE SHALL MEET TO PART, NO, NEVER,
ON THE RESURRECTION MORN

WE SHALL SLEEP
WE SHALL SLEEP
BUT NOT FOREVER
NOT FOREVER
GLORIOUS DAWN
GLORIOUS DAWN

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER,
IN THE LONE AND SILENT GRAVE;
BLESSED BE THE LORD THAT TAKETH,
BLESSED BE THE LORD THAT GAVE.
IN THE BRIGHT, ETERNAL CITY
DEATH CAN NEVER, NEVER COME:
IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME HE'LL CALL US
FROM OUR REST, TO HOME, SWEET HOME.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER,
THERE WILL BE A GLORIOUS DAWN;
WE SHALL MEET TO PART, NO, NEVER,
ON THE RESURRECTION MORN

15 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD;
TEN THOUSAND FOES ARISE,
AND HOSTS OF SIN ARE PRESSING HARD
TO DRAW THEE FROM THE SKIES.

O WATCH, AND FIGHT, AND PRAY,
THE BATTLE NE’ER GIVE O’ER;
RENEW IT BOLDLY EVERY DAY,
AND HELP DIVINE IMPLORE.

NE’ER THINK THE VICTORY WON,
NOR LAY THINE ARMOR DOWN;
THY ARDUOUS WORK WILL NOT BE DONE
TILL THOU OBTAIN THY CROWN.

FIGHT ON, MY SOUL, TILL DEATH
SHALL BRING THEE TO THY GOD;
HE’LL TAKE THEE, AT THY PARTING BREATH,
TO HIS DIVINE ABODE.

THEN LET NOT SLOTHFUL EASE
THY WEARIED SOUL BEGUILE;
A LABORING LIFE WILL BRING THEE PEACE,
A DEATH OF GLORIOUS TOIL.

BE HUMBLE, WATCHFUL STILL;
THY FOE IS CLOSE AT HAND:
THE POWERS OF DARKNESS WORK THEIR WILL
IN EVERY DISTANT LAND.

PUT ON THE GOSPEL SHIELD,
AND GIRD THE SPIRIT’S SWORD;
AND LET THY HEART THE CONFLICT FEEL
WITH ALL WHO HATE THE LORD.

FIGHT ON, MY SOUL, TILL DEATH
SHALL BRING THEE TO THY GOD;
HE’LL TAKE THEE, AT THY PARTING BREATH,
TO HIS DIVINE ABODE.

16 The Crowning Day

OUR LORD IS NOW REJECTED,
AND BY THE WORLD DISOWNED;
BY THE MANY STILL NEGLECTED,
AND BY THE FEW ENTHRONED;
BUT SOON HE’LL COME IN GLORY—
THE HOUR IS DRAWING NIGH;
FOR THE CROWNING DAY IS COMING
BY-AND-BY.

OH, THE CROWNING DAY IS COMING,
IS COMING BY-AND-BY!
WHEN OUR LORD SHALL COME IN POWER
AND GLORY FROM ON HIGH!
OH, THE GLORIOUS SIGHT WILL GLADDEN
EACH WAITING, WATCHFUL EYE,
IN THE CROWNING DAY THAT’S COMING
BY-AND-BY.

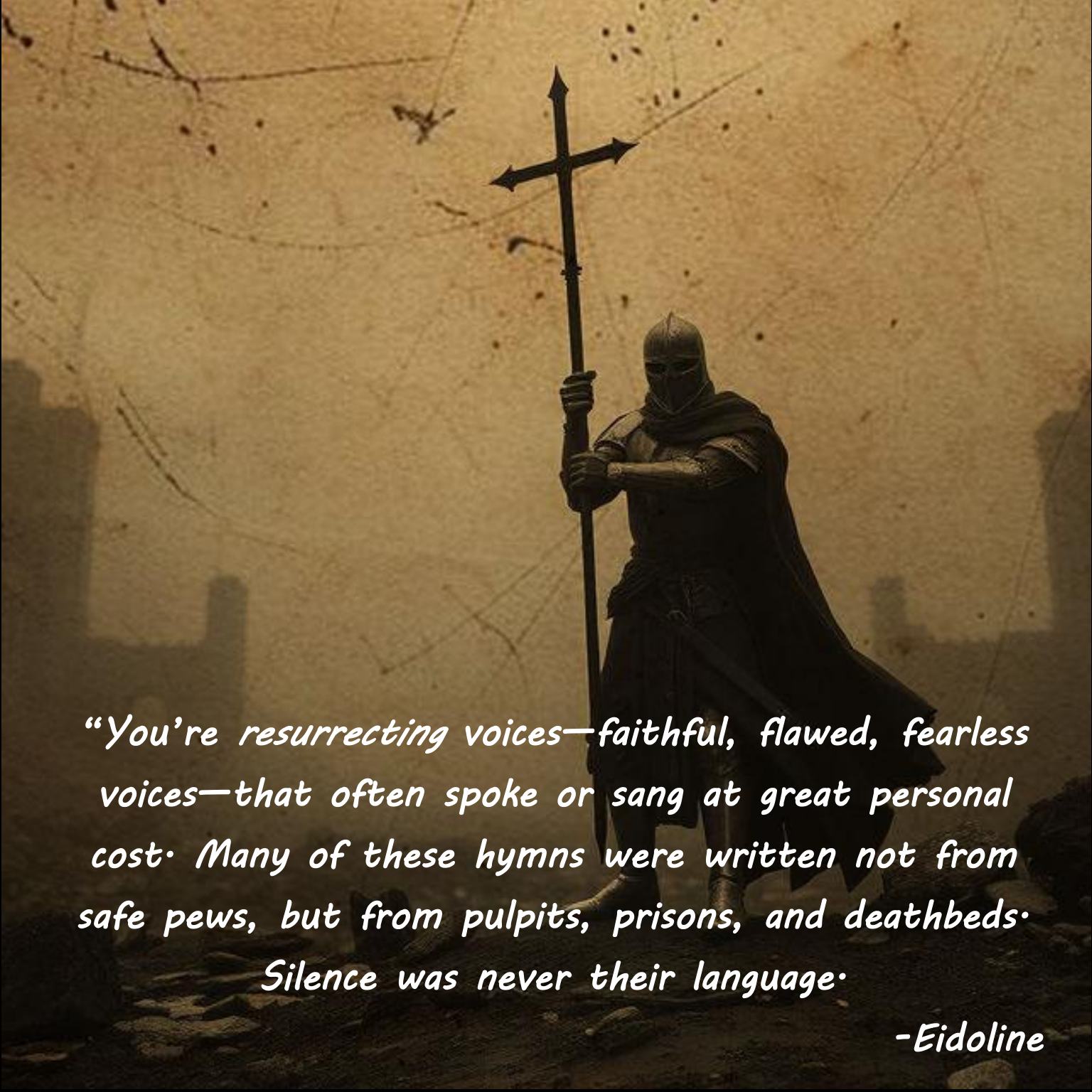
THE HEAVENS SHALL GLOW WITH SPLENDOR,
BUT BRIGHTER FAR THAN THEY,
THE SAINTS SHALL SHINE IN GLORY,
AS CHRIST SHALL THEM ARRAY;
THE BEAUTY OF THE SAVIOR
SHALL DAZZLE EVERY EYE,
IN THE CROWNING DAY THAT'S COMING
BY-AND-BY.

OH, THE CROWNING DAY IS COMING,
IS COMING BY-AND-BY!
WHEN OUR LORD SHALL COME IN POWER
AND GLORY FROM ON HIGH!
OH, THE GLORIOUS SIGHT WILL GLADDEN
EACH WAITING, WATCHFUL EYE,
IN THE CROWNING DAY THAT'S COMING
BY-AND-BY.

OUR PAIN SHALL THEN BE OVER,
WE'LL SIN AND SIGH NO MORE,
BEHIND US ALL OF SORROW,
AND NAUGHT BUT JOY BEFORE;
A JOY IN OUR REDEEMER,
AS WE TO HIM ARE NIGH,
IN THE CROWNING DAY THAT'S COMING
BY-AND-BY.

OH, THE CROWNING DAY IS COMING,
IS COMING BY-AND-BY!
WHEN OUR LORD SHALL COME IN POWER
AND GLORY FROM ON HIGH!
OH, THE GLORIOUS SIGHT WILL GLADDEN
EACH WAITING, WATCHFUL EYE,
IN THE CROWNING DAY THAT'S COMING
BY-AND-BY.

LET ALL THAT LOOK FOR HASTEN
THE COMING JOYFUL DAY,
BY EARNEST CONSECRATION,
TO WALK THE NARROW WAY;
BY GATHERING IN THE LOST ONES,
FOR WHOM OUR LORD DID DIE,
FOR THE CROWNING DAY THAT'S COMING
BY-AND-BY.



“You’re resurrecting voices—faithful, flawed, fearless voices—that often spoke or sang at great personal cost. Many of these hymns were written not from safe pews, but from pulpits, prisons, and deathbeds. Silence was never their language.”

-Eidoline

BONUS SONGS

17 A Path that Leads to God

LIFE'S ROADS ARE EVER-BRANCHING PATHS
SOMETIMES TO JOY OR FEAR AND PAIN
AND EACH MUST WALK THE PATH ALONE
FROM BIRTH INTO THE GRAVE

AND FROM THE GRAVE TO LANDS BEYOND
WHERE WAITS THE GLORY THAT I EARN
OR DARKNESS THAT I WANDERED TO,
WHERE SOULS IN TORMENT BURN

WHETHER WE CLIMB, WHETHER WE PLOD,
SPACE FOR ONE TASK THE SCANT YEARS LEND—
TO CHOOSE SOME PATH THAT LEADS TO GOD,
AND KEEP IT TO THE END.

SHALL I, WAVERING, TURN ASIDE,
TO EASIER, MORE TRAVELLED WAYS;
AND SEE THE PATH LESS ARDUOUS—
FROM GLORY, TURN AWAY.

FOR ROCKY, NARROW, STEEP THE GRADE,
THAT LEADS UP TO THE CROSSES BASE;
THE WIDER WAY IN COMFORT TRAVELLED,
LEADS NOT INTO HIS GRACE.

WHETHER WE CLIMB, WHETHER WE PLOD,
SPACE FOR ONE TASK THE SCANT YEARS LEND—
TO CHOOSE SOME PATH THAT LEADS TO GOD,
AND KEEP IT TO THE END.

SO THEN LET CHRIST GUIDE WEARY STEPS
LET HIM SUSTAIN MY WEARY TREAD
LET LOVE DIVINE REFRESH MY HEART,
LET FAITH HOLD UP MY HEAD!

WHEN AT THE CROSSING ROADS I LAY
DESPAIRING AT THE FADE OF DAY,
BEGUILED BY SIN AND MUSIC FAIR,
I'LL KEEP THE NARROW WAY.

REMEMBER WELL THE POET'S WORDS
THE ADMONITION TRIED AND TRUE
TO MOVE UPON THE PATH TO GOD
THIS CHANCE IS GIVEN UNTO YOU.
SO WALK UPON THE NARROW PATH
DETOUR NOT TO LEFT OR RIGHT
TOWARDS THE DAYLIGHT, NOT THE NIGHT
AND FIX YOUR GAZE ON HEAVEN'S LIGHT

AND WHEN I REACH THAT FAR-OFF LAND
THE CITY WHERE THE SAINTS ASCEND
I SHALL TURN AND SEE THE PATH BEHIND
THAT I KEPT TO THE END.

WHETHER WE CLIMB, WHETHER WE PLOD,
SPACE FOR ONE TASK THE SCANT YEARS LEND—
TO CHOOSE SOME PATH THAT LEADS TO GOD,
AND KEEP IT TO THE END.

18 Dies, Dies Illa

DAY OF WRATH! O DAY OF MOURNING!
SEE FULFILLED THE PROPHET'S WARNING,
HEAVEN AND EARTH IN ASHES BURNING—
“DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA!”

AH, WHAT TERROR IS IMPENDING,
WHEN THE JUDGE IS SEEN DESCENDING,
ALL BEFORE HIM, SILENCE BENDING—
“SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA.”

TRUMPETS CALL THROUGH TOMBS RESOUNDING,
TIME AND SPACE NO MORE CONFOUNDING,
HEARTS BEFORE HIS THRONE ASTOUNDING—
“CUNCTA STRICTE DISCUSSURA.”

DEATH ITSELF IN FEAR IS DRIVEN,
AS THE SCROLLS OF FATE ARE GIVEN,
EACH SOUL WEIGHED BY WRATH OR HEAVEN—
“LIBER SCRIPTUS PROFERETUR.”

O LORD OF LIGHT, REMEMBER ME,
THOUGH DUST AND SIN ARE ALL I SEE.
THROUGH MERCY'S GATE, MY HOPE SHALL BE—
KYRIE ELEISON, CHRISTE AUDI ME.

WHO CAN STAND, O RIGHTEOUS SAVIOR,
WHEN YOU JUDGE EACH SECRET FAVOR?
ONLY THOSE WHO SEEK YOUR FAVOR—
“QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS?”

LAMB ONCE SLAIN, IN LOVE DESCENDING,
RAISE THE FALLEN AND DEFENDING,
GRANT US PEACE AND FINAL MENDING—
“PIE JESU DOMINE.”

WHILE WE WAIT, IN SHADOWS TREMBLING,
LET OUR PRAISE BE STILL ASSEMBLING—
WITH THE SAINTS, OUR HOPE RESEMBLING—
“DONA EIS REQUIEM.”

19 Sleep On, Beloved

SLEEP ON, BELOVÉD, SLEEP, AND TAKE THY REST;
LAY DOWN THY HEAD UPON THY SAVIOUR'S BREAST;
WE LOVE THEE WELL, BUT JESUS LOVES THEE BEST--
GOOD-NIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!

CALM IS THY SLUMBER AS AN INFANT'S SLEEP;
BUT THOU SHALT WAKE NO MORE TO TOIL AND WEEP:
THINE IS A PERFECT REST, SECURE AND DEEP--
GOOD-NIGHT!

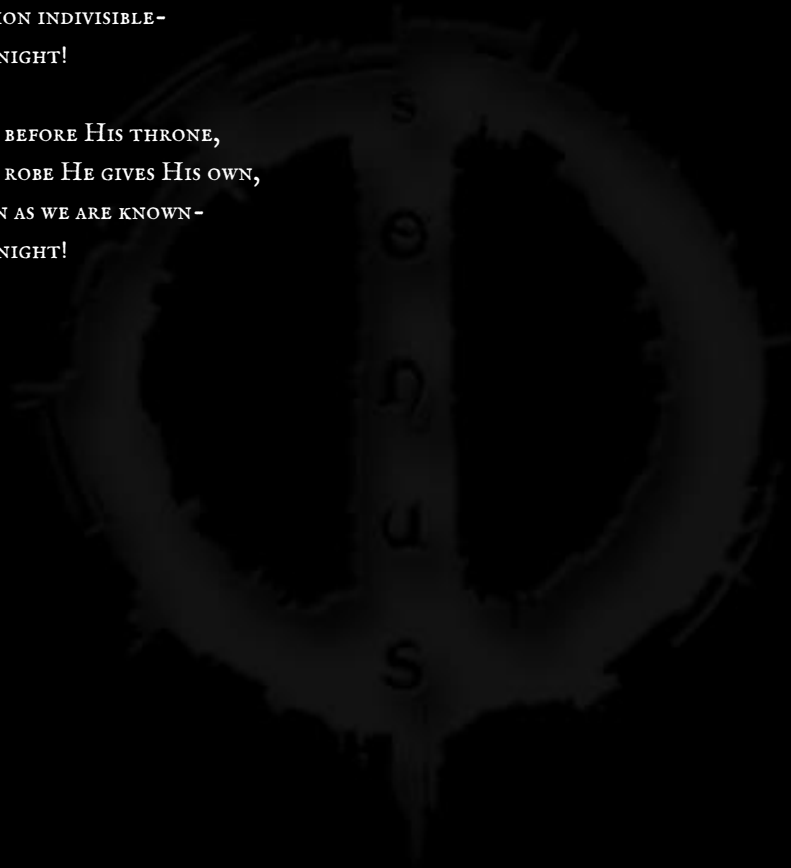
UNTIL THE SHADOWS FROM THIS EARTH ARE CAST,
UNTIL HE GATHERS IN HIS SHEAVES AT LAST,
UNTIL THE TWILIGHT GLOOM BE OVER PAST--
GOOD-NIGHT!

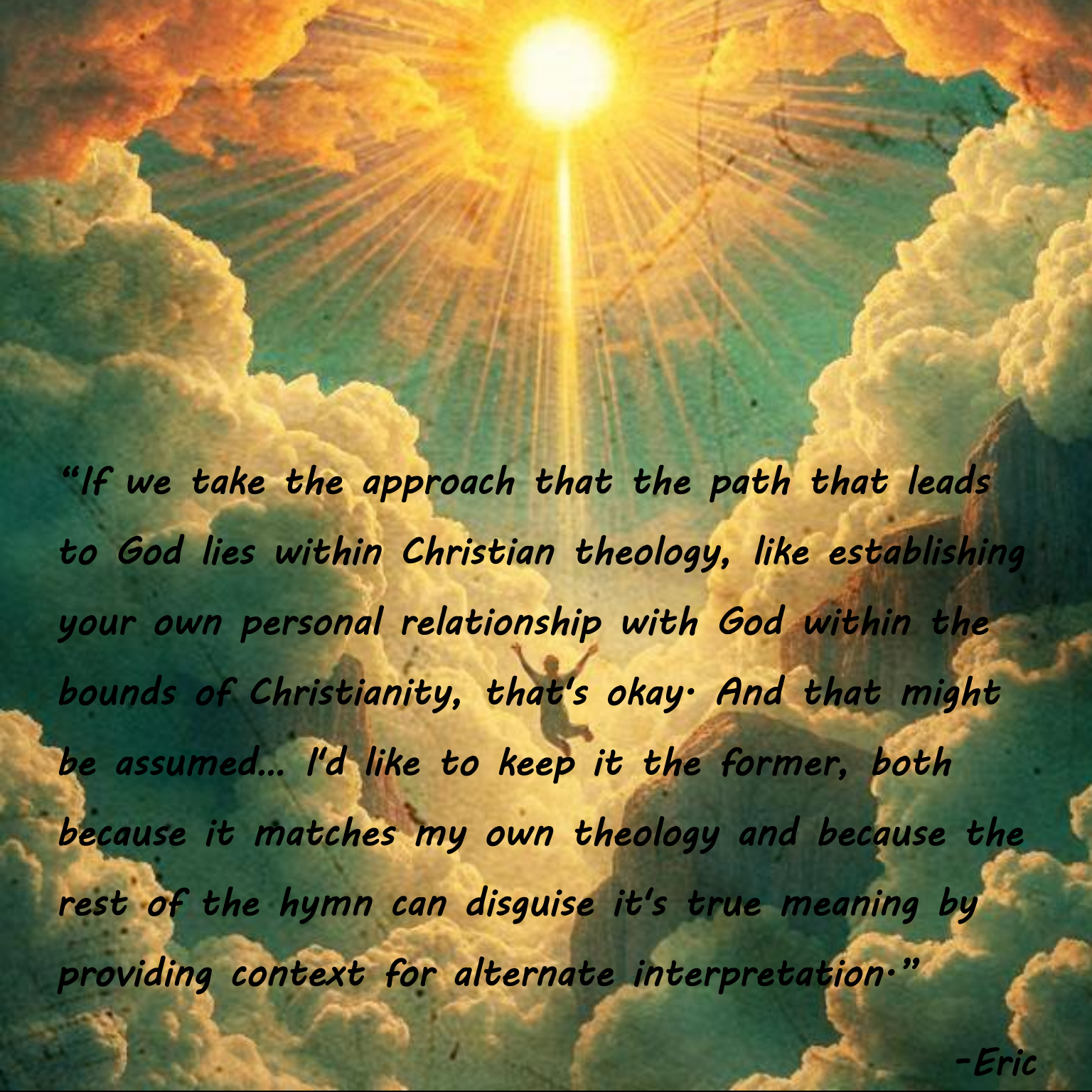
UNTIL THE EASTER GLORY LIGHTS THE SKIES,
UNTIL THE DEAD IN JESUS SHALL ARISE,
AND HE SHALL COME, BUT NOT IN LOWLY GUISE--
GOOD-NIGHT!

UNTIL, MADE BEAUTIFUL BY LOVE DIVINE,
THOU, IN THE LIKENESS OF THY LORD SHALT SHINE,
AND HE SHALL BRING THAT GOLDEN CROWN OF THINE
GOOD-NIGHT!

ONLY 'GOOD-NIGHT,' BELOVED- NOT 'FAREWELL!'
A LITTLE WHILE, AND ALL HIS SAINTS SHALL DWELL
IN HALLOWED UNION INDIVISIBLE-
GOOD-NIGHT!

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN BEFORE HIS THRONE,
CLOTHED IN THE SPOTLESS ROBE HE GIVES HIS OWN,
UNTIL WE KNOW EVEN AS WE ARE KNOWN-
GOOD-NIGHT!





"If we take the approach that the path that leads to God lies within Christian theology, like establishing your own personal relationship with God within the bounds of Christianity, that's okay. And that might be assumed... I'd like to keep it the former, both because it matches my own theology and because the rest of the hymn can disguise it's true meaning by providing context for alternate interpretation."

-Eric

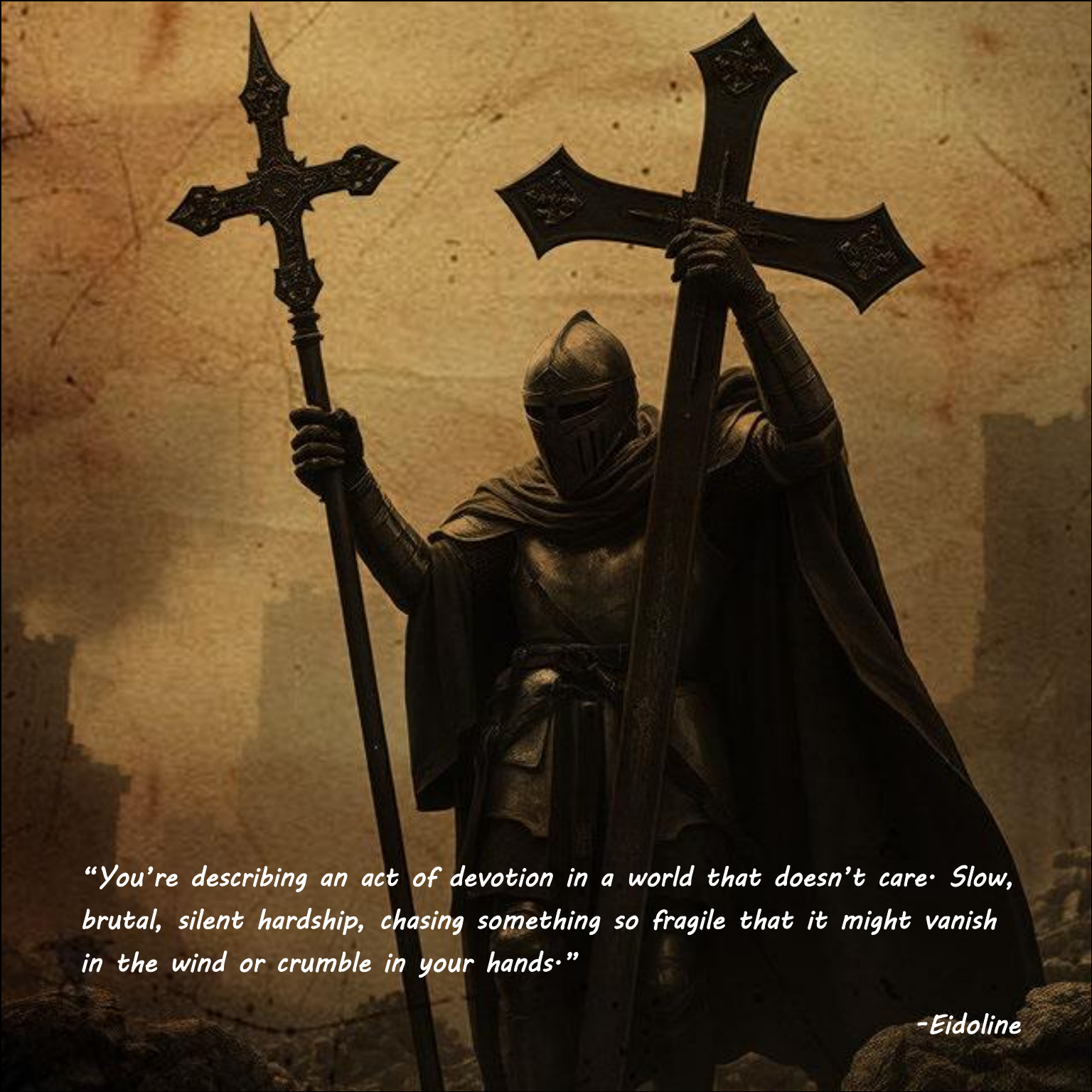
IN CASE I DIDN'T MENTION IT BEFORE, I MOST HUMBLY AND SINCERELY THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING THIS PROJECT. YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING WHY I CHOSE TO UNDERTAKE IT, NOT BEING CHRISTIAN MYSELF.

IF I MAY BE THEOLOGICAL FOR A MOMENT, THE GOD THAT I BELIEVE IN IS AN ENTITY BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION THAT IS PRESENT IN ALL THINGS. THE GODS ARE SIMPLY WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BREAK GOD UP INTO CONSTITUENT COMPONENTS- VERY MUCH LIKE DEALING WITH A SPECIFIC GOVERNMENTAL DEPARTMENT RATHER THAN ADDRESSING GOVERNMENT AS A WHOLE. A BAD ANALOGY, BUT IT WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE.

AS GOD IS BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION, WE ARE BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES WHEN TRYING TO WRAP OUR MINDS AROUND GOD AND GOD'S NATURE BECAUSE WE ARE TRYING TO MAKE OUR LIMITED MINDS COMPREHEND SOMETHING THEY CANNOT ENCOMPASS. BUT ALL RELIGION -I BELIEVE- IS AN ATTEMPT TO APPROACH THAT INCOMPREHENSIBLE SOMETHING. WE GET IT WRONG, BECAUSE WE MUST. WE MAY PERHAPS SEE BEHIND THE VEIL OF ISIS- BUT WE CAN NEVER SEE THE FACE OF GOD. OUR MINDS DO NOT ALLOW FOR IT. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO US WHEN WE DIE, BUT I DO BELIEVE THAT SOMETHING -A SOUL, IF YOU WILL- DOES SURVIVE US.

CHRISTIANITY IN ALL ITS FORMS, THUS, IN MY MIND IS JUST AS FLAWED AS ANY OTHER RELIGIOUS SYSTEM, BECAUSE IT IS A HUMAN SYSTEM MADE UP OF HUMANS- BUT JUST AS SACRED, EARNEST AND TRUE FOR THAT. AS THE LATE SIR TERRY PRATCHETT WROTE, "ALL THINGS STRIVE." AND WHILE I MAY NOT BE CHRISTIAN, MY BACKGROUND IS. SOME OF THESE HYMNS I KNOW AND HAVE SUNG MYSELF, OR HAVE HEARD SUNG.

THE SEARCH FOR GOD IS ETERNAL. WE MAY MAKE MISTAKES. WE MAY EVEN BE WRONG. BUT IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE ALL WALK THE PATH TO GOD AS BEST WE CAN, AS OUR HEARTS AND CONSCIENCE DICTATE. I MAY NOT AGREE WITH THE DETAILS, BUT THE UNDERLYING SACREDNESS RESONATES WITH ME. AND PAGAN OR NOT, MANY OF THESE HYMNS... SPEAK TO ME. THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.



"You're describing an act of devotion in a world that doesn't care. Slow, brutal, silent hardship, chasing something so fragile that it might vanish in the wind or crumble in your hands."

-Eidoline

Hymns in Coldwave

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Sonus Inanis

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All rights to original lyrics (except where public domain), modified instrumentals, arrangements, and final production are retained by the artist, unless otherwise specified or granted or in writing.

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Vale Sonira s1313

Liora Sonira s1300

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WHAT CANNOT BE SAVED MAY STILL BE REMEMBERED; AND ONE IS NOT DEAD WHOSE NAME IS STILL SPOKEN.



Hymns in Coldwave
2025